Axiochus.

A moſt excellent Dialogue,

written in Greeke by *Plato* the Phyloſopher: concerning the ſhortneſſe and vncertainty of this life, with the contrary ends of the good and wicked.

(·.·)

Tranſlated out of Greeke by
Edw. Spenſer.

Heereto is annexed a ſweet ſpeech or Oration, ſpoken at the Tryumphe at White-hall before her Maieſtie, by the Page to the right noble Earle of Oxenforde.

AT LONDON,
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Anno. 1592.

To the Right Worſhipfull Maiſter *Benedic Barnam*, Eſquire, Alderman and Sheriffe of this honorable Citty of London: health and happineſſe.

(.˙.)

WOrſhipfull Sir, I am bold (by way of dedication) to giue yee this excellent Dialogue of *Plato* the Phyloſopher, for two reaſons. The firſt, that ſo ſinguler a worke, doone by a Heathen man, might as wel floriſh in our vulgare ſpeech, as of long time it hath doone both in Greeke and Latine.

The ſeconde, that your countenaunce might ſhaddowe it from reprochefull ſlaunders, which common cenſures too lightly bolt out againſt the beſt endeuours. But con-

cerning the ſpeciall matter, to wit, my preſumption, without firſt acquainting yee heere-with : thus I protect my ſelfe. My familiarity with yee in your younger yeeres , when ſometimes wee were Schollers together, and my preſent ioy, to ſee ye ſo happie a ſucceeder both in your Fathers vertues, place, and Office: imboldened mee to ſhew a remembrance of the one, yet reuerently, and gladnes of the other as well becommeth me.

If in thys ſmall gift, ye make acceptance both of the one and other, yee ſhall declare no leſſe then each one well diſcernes in ye, and ioy him that euery way is at your cõmaund.

To the Reader.

THis Dialogue of Axiochus, gentle Reader, was translated out of Greeke, by that worthy Scholler and Poet, Maister Edward Spenser, whose studies haue & doe carry no mean commendation, because their deserts are of so great esteeme.

If heerein thou find not the delightfull pleasures his verses yeeldeth, yet shalt thou receiue matter of as high contentment: to wit, comfort in the verie latest extremitie. For his sake then be kind in acceptance heereof, and doe him the right he very well deserueth.

Axiochus of

Plato, or a Dialogue of Death, being both short *and very Elegant.*

Socrates. Clinias. Axiochus.

AS I went one day to my common schoole *Lynosargus*, and being in the waye by *Elizeus*, I might heare the voice of one calling aloude to me, *Socrates*. And turning me about to see whence it came, I saw *Clinias Axiochus* his sonne, together with *Damon* the Musitian & *Charmides*, the sonne of *Glauco* running hastely toward *Callirrhoe*, whereof the one was a Maister and professor of the Arte of Musicke, & the other by means of great familiarity & acquaintance, did both loue him, and also was of him beloued; whereupon I thought good, leauing my ready way, to go meet them, that I mig t the sooner vnderstand his meaning. Then *Clinias* bursting out in teares, O

Socrates (quod he) now is the time when thou maiſt ſhew forth thy long foſtered and famous wiſedome, for my father is euen nowe taken with a grieuous diſeaſe, and drawing neere (as it ſeemeth) to his end, is therwithall grieuouſly troubled, and greatly diſquieted. Howbeit, heeretofore hee was ſo farre from the feare of death, as that he was wont pleaſantly to ſcoffe and ſcorne at thoſe which vſed to portraict the Image of death, painting him with a dreadfull countenance and a grieſly face. VVherefore I beſeech thee O *Socrates*, to go and comfort my father as you were wont to doo: for ſo the rather being ſtrengthened with your good counſaile, he ſhall bee able without any grudging or fainting to paſſe through the way of all fleſh, and I with the reſt of his friends and kinſmen will maintaine the yearely memory of that his good end.

Socrates.

O *Clinias* I will not denie thy ſo reaſonable a requeſt, ſpecially concerning ſuch a matter, as to deny it were great vnkindnes and diſcourteſie: to grant it, perteyneth both to godlineſſe and charitie. Let vs therefore ſpeede vs to him: for if thy father be in ſo ſore taking, there needeth ſpeedines and great haſt.

Clinias.

Axiochus.

Clinias.

O *Socrates*, I am ſure that my father, aſſoone as hee but beholdeth you, will be much better at eaſe: for his fitte and panges of his ſickneſſe vſe oftentimes to ſurceaſe and be aſſwaged.

Socrates.

But that we might the ſooner come to him, we tooke the way, which lieth beſide the town wall by the Gardeins) for his dwelling was hard by the gates which lyeth toward the *Amazons* piller: whither wee comming, found *Axiochus* (which by this time was come to himſelfagaine) being indeed ſomewhat ſtrong in his body, but very weake and feeble in his minde , and reſting altogether comfortleſſe: often toſsing him, and tumbling vp and downe in his bed, fetching deepe and dolefull ſighes, with aboundant ſtreames of trickling teares, and wailefull wringing of his handes: whome beholding, O *Axiochus* quoth I, what meaneth this? where bee now thoſe haughtie and couragious words, wherewith thou waſt wont to ſcorne and deſpiſe death? where bee thoſe thy dayly and continuall prayſes of vertue and goodneſſe vaniſhed: where alſo is now that thy vnſpeakeable ſtoutneſſe, wherewith thou waſt

woont to confirme thy ſelfe and ſtrengthen others: for like as a cowardly champion, which at the firſt comming forth as to the skirmiſh, with ſtately ſteps and a vaunting viſage, dooth ſoone after caſt away his Target, and taketh him to flight: euen ſo ſeemeſt thou now, when there is need moſt of al to flinch. Haſt thou no more regarde of thy diuine and excellent nature, that ſometime waſt a man of ſo good life and calling, ſo obedient to reaſons rule? and if there were nothing els, yet ſhou'd it be ſufficient to mooue thee, that thou art an *Athenian* borne: and laſtly ſhould mooue thee that common ſaying, which is worne in all mens mouths; That this our life is a Pilgrimage, which when we haue ended with perfect meaſure and ſtedfaſt trauell: it behoueth vs with like conſtancy of minde, and ioyfulnes of ſpirit, and as it were ſinging a merry Pæan, to enter into the purpoſed place of reſt. But thus to languiſh in diſpaire and tender harted out-cries, behauing thy ſelfe like a froward Babe, in thee is neither regard of thy wiſedome, nor reſpect of thy age.

Axiochus.

True indeed O *Socrates*, and that which thou ſayeſt, me ſeemeth right: But it commeth to paſſe I knowe not how, that when I drawe neere vnto preſent daunger, than thoſe great and

and ſtout-hearted wordes which I was wont to caſt at death, doo cloſely flit away and downe are trodden vnder foote. And then that Tormentor feare, the meſſenger of dreaded daungers, dooth ſundrye wayes wound and gall my grieued minde, whiſpering continually in mine eare that if I bee once depriued of this worldly light, and bereft of goods: I ſhall like a rotten blocke lye in the darkeſome deapth, neither ſeene nor heard of any, beeing reſolued into duſt and wormes.

Socrates.

O *Axiochus* thy talke is very fooliſh, for reaſoning thus without reaſon, and ſeeking to make ſome ſence of ſenceles wordes, thou both doſt and ſayeſt cleane contrary to thy ſelfe, not marking, how at one time thou doſt both complaine for the lacke of ſence which thou ſhalt haue: and alſo art greatly vexed for the rotting of thy carrion Carcaſſe, and deſpoyling of thy former delights: as if by this death thou ſhouldeſt not paſſe into another life, or ſhouldeſt be ſo deſpoyled of all ſence and feeling, as thou wert before thou waſt firſt brought into this world. For euen as in thoſe yeares when *Draco* and *Calliſthenes* gouerned the common wealth of *Athens*, thou then waſt vexed with no euil, for in the beginning thou waſt no ſuch as to

whome euill might chance: ſo likewiſe when thou haſt ended this ſtate of mortalitye thou ſhalt no more be afflicted, for thou ſhalt not be in ſuch caſe as that any euill can touch thee. VVherefore ſhake off and caſtaway all theſe trifles and worldly baggage, thus waying in thy minde, that when the frame of this earthly building is diſſolued, and the ſoule being ſingled, is reſtored to his naturall place: this bodye which is then left an earthly maſſe and an vnreaſonable ſubſtance, is then no more a man. For we are a ſoule, that is to ſay, an immortall creature, beeing ſhut vp and incloſed in an earthly dungeon. VVherewithall nature hath clothed vs, and charged vs with many miſeries, ſo that euen thoſe things which ſeeme pleaſant to vs and ioyfull, are indeed but vaine and ſhadowed, beeing mingled and wrapped in many thouſand ſorrowes, and thoſe alſo which vſe to breede vs ſorrowe and heauines, are both ſodaine, and therefore more hardely auoyded, and alſo perdurable, and therefore the more painefull and wearyſome. Such be diſeaſes and inflammation of the ſences: Such bee inward griefes and ſickneſſes, through which it cannot chooſe but that the ſoule muſt bee alſo diſeaſed, ſince that beeing ſcattered and ſpread through the powres and paſſages of the body, it coueteth the vſe of that open and kinde heauen out of which it was deriued, and thirſteth

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for the wonted company & surpassing delights of that ærernall fellowship; whereby it is euident, that the passage from life, is a change from much euill to great good.

Axiochus.

Since therefore O *Socrates* thou deemest this life so tedious and troublesome, why doost thou still abide in the same? beeing as thou art a man of so great wisedom and experience, whose knowledge reacheth farre aboue our common sence, and beyond the vsuall reason of most men.

Socrates.

Thou *Axiochus* doost not report rightly of me: for thou iudgest as the common people of *Athens*, that because you see I am giuen to seeke and search out many things, therefore I know somewhat. But to say the truth, I would hartely wish, and would the same account in great parte of happinesse, if I knew but these common and customable matters: so farre am I from the knowledge of those high and excellent things. For these things which I nowe declare, are the sayinges of *Prodicus* the wise man: some of them beeing bought for a penny: some for two groats, and other some for foure

foure: For that ſame notable man vſed to teach none without wages, hauing alwaies in his mouth that ſaying of *Epicharmus*, One hand rubbeth another: giue ſomewhat, and ſomewhat take. And it is not long ſithence, that he making a diſcourſe of Philoſophye in the houſe of *Callias* the ſonne of *Hipponicus*, ſuch and ſo many things he ſpake againſt the ſtate of life: that I alſo account life in the number of thoſe thinges which be of leſſe waight. And euer ſince that time O *Axiochus*, my ſoule gaſpeth after death, daily longing to die.

Axiochus.

VVhat then was ſaid of *Prodicus*?

Socrates.

Marrie I will tell you, as they come to my minde. For what parcell (quod he) of our life is not full of wretchednes? dooth not the babie euen taken frō the mothers wombe, powre out plenty of teares, beginning the firſt ſtep of life with griefe? neither afterward hath it once any breathing or reſting time from ſorrow, being either diſtreſſed with pouertie, or pinched with colde, or ſcortched with heate, or payned with ſtripes: and whatſoeuer it ſuffereth, vtter once it cannot, but onely with crying dooth

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ſhow his minde, hauing no voice but that alone to bewray his griefe: and hauing through many woes waded to ſeauen yeares of age, he is yet afflicted with greater griefes, being ſubiect to the tyranny of the Schoolemaiſter and Tutor. And as his yeares encreaſed, ſo is the number of his guides and gouernours encreaſed; being afterwards in the handes of Cenſors, Philoſophers and Capitaines. Soone after being waxen a ſtripling he is hemmed in with greater feare, namely of Lyceum, of the Academie, of the Schoole of games, of Rulers, of Roddes: and to ſhut vp all in one worde, of infinite miſeries. And all the time of his youth is ſpent vnder ouer-ſeers which are ſet ouer him by the *Areopagits* from which labours young men beeing once freed, are yet ouer-layde with greater cares and more weightie thoughts, touching the ordering of his ſtate and trade of life: which alſo if they be compared with thoſe that followe, all theſe former troubles may ſeeme but childiſh and indeed babiſh trifles. For hereupon dooth a troope of euils accrew, as be the exploites of warfare, the bitterneſſe of wounds, the continuall labour, skirmiſhes: and then cloſely creepeth on olde Age, in which are heaped all the harmes that pertaine to mankinde, whether of weakeneſſe as naturall, or of paine as being externall. And but if one betimes reſtore his life as a dew debt to death:

Nature euer waiting as a greedy vsurer, taketh paynes aforehand, snatching and pulling from this man his sight, from that his hearing, from som both two senses. And if any fortune lōger then commonly is seene in this life to linger, Nature weakening hir powres, dooth loose, lame, and bow downe all partes of his body, but they whose bodies in old age long flourisheth in minde, as the saying is, become twise children. And therfore the gods, knowing what is most expedient for men, those whome they most deerely loue, do soonest take out of this vale of wretchednes. And for this cause *Agamedes* and *Trophonius*, when they had built a Temple to *Pythius Apollo*, desiring of the god therefore to grant them the best reward that might be giuen, soone after when they layde them downe to rest, neuer rose againe.

Likewise *Cleobis* & *Biton*, the sonnes of the *Argine* Nunne, whē their mother had made hir praier to *Iuno*, that to her sonnes for their great godlines might be giuen some singuler gift (for that they when her yoake of Oxen were not readily to bee found at the time of sacrifice, themselues being yoaked in the charriot, drew their mother to the Temple) vpon this their mothers request, the two sonnes the next morning were found dead. It were too long in this place to reherse the testimonies of Poets which in their diuine poesies do diuinely bewaile and

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lament the miſeries of mans life, I will nowe onely in place of many, recite the witneſſe of one, being moſt worthie of memorie, which thus ſaith,

How wretched a thred of life haue the gods ſpun,
To mortall men that in this race of life do run.

And againe:

Of all that in the earth are ordained by nature,
Than man, is not to bee found
a more wretched creature.

But of *Amphiaraus* what ſaith the Poet?

Him loued higheſt Iupiter *and* Apollo *deare,*
yet could he not reache to his eldeſt yeare.
What thinkeſt thou of him
that taught the childe to crie:
When firſt the Sunne bright day,
he ſeeth with tender eye.

But I will let them paſſe, leaſt contrarye to promiſe, I ſeeme to diſcourſe at large, and that in the alleadging of forraine witneſſes. What trade of life I pray you is there, or what occupation, of which you ſhall not find many that complaine and greatly miſlike of their preſent affaires. Let vs ouerrunne the companies of Artificers & craftſmen, which continually labour from night to night, and yet hardly able to find them neceſſaries to liue, by bewayling theyr bare eſtate, & filling their nightwatchings with

ſorrow and teares. Let vs els ſuruew the life of Marriners and Seafaring men, which make a hole through ſo many dangers, & which as *Bias* ſaid, are neither in the number of the liuing nor yet of the dead, for man being borne to abide vpon the earth, dooth as it were a creature of a double kinde, thruſt himſelfe into the maine ſea, and wholy put his life into the hands of fortune. But the life of husbandmen will ſome ſay is pleaſant, and ſo in deed it is: but haue they not a continuall ranckling gall, euer breeding new cauſe of greefe and diſquiet, ſometime by reaſon of drought, ſometime becauſe of raine, otherwhile for ſcortching, oft through blaſting, which parcheth the vntimely eare oftentimes, becauſe of importunate heate or vnmeaſurable colde, miſerably weeping and complaining. But aboue all, that honourable ſtate of gouernement and principallitie (for I let paſſe many other things & wrap them vp in ſilence) through how many dangers is it toſſed and turmoiled, for if at any time it haue any cauſe of ioye, it is like vnto a blowne bliſter, or a ſwelling ſore, ſoone vp, and ſooner downe: oftentime ſuffering a foule repulſe, which ſeemeth a thouſand times worſe then death it ſelfe. For who at any time can be bleſſed, that hangeth vpon the waiuering will of the witleſſe manye And albeit the Magiſtrate deſerue fauour and praiſe, yet is he but a mocking ſtocke and ſcoffe of the com-

commialty, being soone after, outcast, hissed at, condemned, and deliuered to a miserable death. For where I praye thee O *Axiochus*, (thee I aske that art in office in the common-wealth) dyed that mightie *Miltiades*? where that victorious *Themistocles*? where that valiant *Ephialtes*? where finally thse noble kings and glorious Emperours, which not long a goe flourished in the common wealth. As for my selfe, I could neuer be brought to beare office in the Cittie: for I neuer accounted it as a worthie and lawdable thing to be in authority together with the madding multitude.

But *Theramenes* and *Calixenus* of late memorie appointing vnder them certaine Magistrates, condemned certaine guiltlesse men, not hearing their causes to vndeserued death. Onelye withstood them you, and *Triptolemus*, of thirty thousand men which were gathered in the assemblie.

Axiochus.

It is as thou sayest *Socrates*, and since that time I haue refrained my selfe from the stage: neither hath any thing euer to mee seemed of greater waighte, then the gouerning of the common-wealth, and that is well knowne to them which are in the same office. For thou speakest these things, as hauing out of some

high loft onely ouerlooked the troubles and tempeſts of the common-wealth, but we know the ſame more aſſuredly, hauing made proofe therefore in ourſelues, for the common people indeede our freends *Socrates* is vnthankefull, diſdainefull, cruell, enuious, and vnlearned, as that is gathered together of the ſcumme and dregs of the raſcall route, and a ſorte of idle loſels: whome hee that flattereth and feedeth is much worſe himſelfe than they.

Socrates.

Since therefore O *Axiochus*, thou dooſt ſo greatly diſallow that opinion, which of all other, is counted moſt honeſt and liberall; what ſhall we iudge of the other trades of life? ſhall wee not thinke that they are likewiſe to bee ſhunned: I remember that I once heard *Prodicus* ſay; that death pertayneth neither to the liuing nor to the dead.

Axiochus.

How meane you that, *Socrates*?

Socrates.

Mary thus; that death toucheth not them that are, and as for thoſe that are departed out

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of this life, are now no more, and therfore death now toucheth them not: for thou art not yet dead, neither if thou deceaſe, ſhall it concerne thee, for thou ſhalt then haue no more. Therefore, moſt vaine is that ſorrow which *Axiochus* maketh, for the thing which neyther is preſent, nor ſhall euer touch *Axiochus* himſelfe. And euen as fooliſh is it, as if one ſhould complaine and be afraid of *Scylla*, or the Centaures, which were monſters, of Poets broode, which neyther now belong to thee, nor to thy liues end ſhall appertaine; for feare is conceyued of ſuch things as be: but of ſuch things as be not, what feare can there be?

Axiochus.

Truely *Socrates*, you haue fetched theſe things, out of the riche and moſt aboundant Storehouſe of your woonderfull wiſedome: And thereof riſeth that your mildeneſſe and lightneſſe of ſpeech, which you vſe to allure the mindes of yoong men to vertue. But the loſſe of theſe worldly commodities, dooth not a little vexe and diſquiet my minde; albeit theſe reaſons, which now to my great good liking you haue alledged, ſeeme to mee much more allowable, than thoſe which late you vſed; for my minde is not carryed away with error through the entiſement of your words, but

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perceiueth them well, neither doe thoſe things greatly mooue my minde, which onely haue a colour and ſhadowed ſhowe of truth, being ſet out with flanting pride, and glory of words, but yet truth haue they none.

Socrates.

Thou art farre wide *Axiochus*, and reaſoneſt vnskilfully, ioyning the feeling of euill, with the wante of good things, forgetting thy ſelfe that then thou ſhalt bee in the number of the ſenceleſſe dead. For him indeed which is bereft of all good things, dooth the contrary force of euill things greatly vexe. But he which hath no being, can take nor feele nothing, in place of thoſe things whereof he is deſpoiled. Then by what reaſon can any griefe bee conceyued of that thing, which breedeth no ſence nor perſeuerance of any thing which hurteth. For if in the beginning O *Axiochus*, thou didſt not, though indeed in vayne, ioyne ſence and feeling to death, moſt vnwiſely, thou ſhouldeſt neuer had cauſe to feare death. But now thou doeſt confound thy ſelfe, and ſpeakeſt contrarie to thy ſelfe, oft fearing that thou ſhalt bee depriued of ſoule and ſence together, and oft thinking, that with thy ſence thou ſhalt feele that thing, whereof there is no ſence nor feeling. And to this purpoſe do all thoſe excellent

and

and notable reaſons of the ſoules immortalitie tend.

For it is not the weake nature of mortall man, to raiſe himſelfe to the fulfilling of ſuch high and haughtye matters, as to deſpiſe the ramping rage of wilde beaſts, to ieopard himſelfe in the waſtefull ſea, to builde Citties, and them with lawes and pollicie to eſtabliſh: to looke vp into heauen, and marke the courſe of the Starres; and the wayes of the Sunne and Moone, with their riſings and ſetting, to conſider their eclipſes, their ſpaces, their making of the nights and dayes alike, their double conuerſions, to behold the order of the windes, the ſeauen watrie ſtarres, of winter, of ſummer, of ſtormes, with the violent rage of whirlewindes, and as it were theſe labours of the world, to deliuer to poſteritie, vnleſſe in our mindes there were a certaine diuine ſpirit and vnderſtanding, which could comprehend and reach vnto the ſupernaturall knowledge of ſo great matters.

VVherefore nowe O *Axiochus*, thou art not in the way to death, but to immortality, neither ſhalt thou (as thou didſt ſeeme right now to feare) bee bereft of all good, but ſhall hereby enioy true and perfect good: Neither ſhalt thou perceiue ſuch durty pleaſures as are theſe, beeing mingled with the puddle of this ſinfull body, but moſt pure and perfect delight

being deuoid of all contagious trouble. For beeing looſed and deliuered out of the darke-ſome dungeons of this body, thou ſhalt paſſe to that place where is no lacke nor complaint, but all things full of reſt, and deuoid of euill. Moreouer there is calme and quiet liuing without all knowledge of vnreſt, peaceable and ſtill occupied in beholding the courſe & frame of Nature, and ſtudying Philoſophy, not to pleaſe the idle ignorant and common ſort, but with vpright and vndeceiuable truth.

Axiochus.

O *Socrates* with this thy gladſome ſpeech thou haſt now brought mee into a cleane contrary minde, for ſo farre am I nowe from dread of death, that I am euen ſet on fire and burne with deſire thereof. And that I may ſtay my ſelfe in the ſteppes of them which are counted workemaſters of ſpeech, I will ſay thus much more excellently, Now I begin to behold thoſe high matters, and doo ouerlooke that æternall and heauenly courſe of things, hauing now rayſed vp my ſelfe out of my weakenes, and being as it were renued and refreſhed of my former malady.

Socrates.

Socrates.

If you demaunde of mee another reaſon, and ſigne of the ſoules immortality, I will tell you what the wiſe man *Gobrias* ſhewed me: He ſaide that at what time *Xerxes* conuayed his huge Army into *Greece*, his Grandfather which was of the ſame name, was ſent into *Delos* to defende that Iland in which were two Gods borne. In the ſame Iland that his Grandfather learned out of certaine braſen Tables which *Opis* and *Hecuergus* had brought out of the Northerne Countries, That the ſoule after time it is diſſolued from the body paſſeth into a certaine darkeſome place, a Coaſt that lyeth vnder the earth wherein is *Plutoes* Pallace no leſſe than *Iupiters* kingdome: For the earth being equally ballanced in the middeſt of the world, and the compaſſe thereof beeing round as a ball, that the one halfe Sphere thereof is allotted to the higher Gods, and the other halfe to the infernall powres; betwixt whom there is ſuch kindred and allyance, that ſome bee brothers, and other ſome brothers children. But the entry of the way which leadeth to *Plutoes* kingdome is fenced with iron gates, and faſtened with braſen bolts: which when a man hath opened, he is entertained of the Riuer *Acheron*; next which is *Cocytus*: which flouds being ouerpaſſed, hee muſt come before *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, the merciles Iudges:

which place is called the plain of Truth where the Iudges sit examining euery one that commeth thither how he hath liued, and with what trade or manner of life hee hath inhabited his mortall body, with whom there is no place for lies; nor refuge for excuses. Then they which in their life time were inspired and led with a good Angell, are receiued into the housholde of the blessed, where all seasons flowe with abundance of all fruits, where from the siluer springs doo calmely run the Christall streames, where the flourishing medowes are cloathed with chaungeable Mantles of glorious colours, where are famous Schooles of renowmed Philosophers, goodly companies of diuine Poets, trim sorts of Dauncers, heauenly Musicke, great banquets furnished with costly cates, Tables abounding with all bounty, delights without all care, and pleasures without all paine: For the Inhabitants thereof are neither touched with force of cold, nor payned with excesse of heate, but the moderate Aire breatheth on them mildly and calmely, being lightned with the gentle Sunnebeames.

In this place, and in the Elysian fields, they which haue taken holy orders are highly aduanced and reuerenced, dayly ministring the vnsearcheable rytes of Religion. VVherefore then shouldest thou doubt but to be made partaker of the same honor, being one of the

ſeede of that heauenly race: It is an old ſaying and rightly reported, that *Hercules* and *Bacchus* going downe to hell, they were inſtituted in holly orders, and that they were emboldned to goe thither of the Goddeſſe *Eleuſina*. But they which being wrapped in wickednes haue led an vngodly life, are ſnatched vp by the Furies, and by them carried through the loweſt hell into deepe darkenes and vtter confuſion, where the place and abode of the wicked is, and where the three ſcore daughters of *Danaus* dwell, whoſe puniſhment is continually to fill a ſort of bottomleſſe veſſels, where alſo is to bee ſeene the vnquencheable thirſt of *Tantalus*, the gnawen Entrailes of *Titius*, and the endles ſtone of *Siſiphus*, whoſe end beginneth a newe labour. There bee they rent of wilde beaſts, continually ſcorched with burning Lamps, pained with all kind of torments, and afflicted with endleſſe pennance. Theſe thinges I remember that I haue heard *Gobrias* tell; but you *Axiochus* may iudge of them as you liſt. Only this I know and aſſuredly hold faſt, that euery mans minde is immortall and paſſing out of this life feeleth no griefe nor ſorrowe. VVherefore O *Axiochus* whether thou be carryed into thoſe higheſt Pallaces or lower Vawts, needes muſt it bee that thou ſhalt bee bleſſed becauſe thou haſt liued well and godly.

Axiochus.

Axiochus.

Minding to haue ſaid ſomething vnto thee (O *Socrates*) I am impeached with baſhfull ſhame: For ſo farre am I now from the horror and dread of death, that I continually couet the time thereof: So hath thy heauenly and comfortable ſpeeches pierced and relieued my faint heart. And nowe loath I this life, and ſcorne the delights thereof, as that ſhall from henceforth paſſe into a better abode. And now by my ſelfe alone will I recount theſe thy notable ſayings, but I pray thee (O *Socrates*) after noone reſort to me againe.

Socrates.

I will doo as you ſay, and now will I returne to walk in my ſchool *Lynoſargus* from whence I was hither called.

FINIS.

A ſpeech ſpoken at the Tryumph before the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie, by the Page to the right noble Champion, the Earle of Oxenford.

By the Tilt ſtoode a ſtatelie Tent of Orenge tawny Taffata, curiouſly imbroydered with Siluer, & pendents on the Pinacles very ſightly to behold. From forth this Tent came the noble Earle of Oxenford in rich gilt Armour, and ſate down vnder a great high Bay-tree, the whole ſtocke, branches and leaues whereof, were all gilded ouer, that nothing but Gold could be diſcerned. By the Tree ſtoode twelue tilting ſtaues, all which likewiſe were gilded cleane ouer. After a ſolemne ſound of moſt ſweet Muſique, he mounted on his Courſer, verie richly caparaſond, whē his page aſcending the ſtaires where her Highneſſe ſtood in the window, deliuered to her by ſpeech this Oration following.

THIS Knight (moſt fayre and fortunate Princeſſe) liuing of a long time in a Groue, where euery graft beeing greene, hee thought euery roote to be precious, found at the laſt as great diuerſity of troubles as of Trees: the Oake to be ſo ſtubborne that nothing could cauſe it to bend; the Reede

ſo ſhaking, that euery blaſt made it to bow; the Iuniper ſweete, but too lowe for ſuccour; the Cipreſſe faire, but without fruite; the Walnut tree to be as vnholſome to lye vnder, as the bud of the Figge-tree vnpleaſant to taſte; the Tree that bore the beſt fruite, to be fulleſt of Caterpillers, and all to be infected with wormes; the Aſhe for Rauens to breede; the Elme to build; the Elder to be full of pith & no perfection, and all Trees that were not fertill, to be fit for fuell, and they that were fruitfull, but for the tyme to pleaſe the fancy. Which trying, he forſooke the wood, and liued a while in the plaine Champion: where, how he was tormented, it vvere too long to tell, but let this ſuffiſe, that hee was troubled, when euery Moate fell in his eye in the day, and euery Ant diſquieted him in the night: where, if the wind blew, he had nothing to ſhielde him but heade and ſhoulders, if the Sunne blazed, he could find the ſhadow of nothing but himſelfe, when ſeeing himſelfe ſo deſtitute of helpe, he becam deſperate of hope.

Thus wandering a vvearie way, hee eſpyed at the laſt a Tree ſo beautiful, that his eyes were daſeled with the brightneſſe, which as hee was going vnto, he met by good fortune a Pilgrime or Hermit, he knew not well, who being apparelled as though hee were to trauaile into all Countries, but ſo aged as though hee were to liue continually in a Caue. Of this olde Syre he demaun-

demaunded what Tree it was, who taking this Knight by the hand, began in these words both to vtter the name and nature of the Tree.

This Tree fayre Knight is called the Tree of the Sunne, whose nature is alwaies to stand alone, not suffering a companion, beeing it selfe without comparison: of which kind, there are no more in the earth then Sunnes in the Element. The worlde can holde but one Phenix, one *Alexander*, one Sun-Tree, in top contrarie to all Trees: it is strongest, & so statelie to behold, that the more other shrubs shrinke for duetie, the higher it exalteth it selfe in Maiestie.

For as the cleere beames of the Sunne, cause all the starres to lose theyr light, so the brightnesse of thys golden Tree, eclipseth the commendation of all other Plants. The leaues of pure Golde, the barke no worse, the buddes pearles, the body Chrisocolla, the sap Nectar, the roote so noble as it springeth frō two Turkeies, both so perfect, as neither can staine the other, each contending once for superioritie, and now both constrained to be equals. *Vestas* bird sitteth in the midst, whereat *Cupid* is euer drawing, but dares not shoote, beeing amazed at that princely and perfect Maiestie.

The shaddowes hath as strange properties as contrarieties, cooling those that be hoat with a temperate calme, and heating those that be

colde with a moderate warmth, not vnlike that Sunne whereof it taketh the name, which melteth Waxe, and hardeneth Clay, or pure fyre, which cauſeth the gold to ſhine, and the ſtraw to ſmother, or ſweete perfumes, which feedeth the Bee, and kylleth the Betell.

No poyſon commeth neere it, nor any vermine that hath a ſting. VVho ſo goeth about to loppe it, launceth himſelfe, and the Sunne wyll not ſhyne on that creature that caſteth a falſe eye on that Tree, no wind can ſo much as wagge a leafe, it ſpringeth in ſpite of *Autumnus*, and continueth all the yeere as it were *Ver*.

If Syr Knight you demaunde what fruite it beareth, I aunſwere, ſuch, as the elder it is, the younger it ſeemeth, alway rype, yet euer greene. Vertue Syr Knight, more nouriſhing to honeſt thoughts, then the beauty delightfull to amorous eyes; VVhere the Graces are as thicke in vertue, as the Grapes are on the Vine.

Thys fruite fatteth, but neuer feedes, wherwith thys Tree is ſo loaden, as you cannot touch that place which vertue hath not tempered. If you enquire whether any grafts may be gotten, it were as much as to craue ſlyppes of the Sunne, or a Moulde to caſt a newe Moone. To conclude, ſuch a Tree it is, as he that hath longeſt knowne it, can ſooner meruaile at it,

then discribe it, for the further hee waderh in the prayse, the shorter he commeth of the perfection.

Thys olde man hauing ended, seeming to want wordes to expresse such worthinesse, he went to hys home, and the Knight to his Sunne Tree, where kissing the grounde with humilitie, the princely tree seemed with to bidde him welcome. But the more zed on the beautie, the lesse able he w dure the brightnesse, like vnto those k king with a stedfast eye to behold th bring a darke dazeling ouer theyr sight.

At the last, resting vnder the shaddowe, he felt such content, as nothing coulde bee more comfortable. The dayes he spent in vertuous delights, the night slypped away in golden Dreames, hee was neuer annoyed with venemous enemies, nor disquieted with idle cogitations.

In so much, that finding all felicity in that shade, and all security in that Sunne; hee made a sollemne vowe, to incorporate hys harte into that Tree, and ingraft hys thoughts vpon those vertues. Swearing, that as there is but one Sunne to shine ouer it, one roote to giue life vnto it, one toppe to maintaine Maiestie: so there should be but one Knight, eyther to lyue or die for the defence thereof.

Where-vppon, hee ſwore himſelfe onely to be the Knight of the Tree of the Sunne, whoſe life ſhould end before his loyaltie.

Thus cloyed with content, hee fell into a ſweete ſlumber, whoſe ſmyling countenaunce ſhewed him voyde of all care. But hys eyes were ſcarce cloſe, dwhen hee ſeemed to ſee dy-
lermining the Tree behinde him, that
e ſuſpecting the Knight to gyue the
, myght haue puniſhed him in her
t fayling of theyr pretence, and ſeeing
owe they ſtrooke to light vppon their
wne braines, they threatned him by violence, whom they could not match in vertue.

But he claſping the Tree, as the onely Anchor of hys truſt, they coulde not ſo much as mooue him from hys cauſe, whom they determined to martyr without colour. VVhereuppon, they made a challenge to winne the Tree by right, and to make it good by Armes. At which ſaying, the Knight beeing glad to haue his trueth tryed wyth hys valoure, for ioy awaked.

And nowe (moſt vertuous and excellent Princeſſe) ſeeing ſuch tumults towards for his Tree, ſuch an Honourable preſence to iudge, ſuch worthy Knights to Iuſte: I cannot tel whether his perplexitie or his pleaſure be the greater. But this hee will auouch at all aſſayes, himſelfe

ſelfe to be the moſt loyall Knight of the Sun-tree, which who ſo gaine-ſayeth, hee is heere preſt, eyther to make him recant it before hee runne, or repent it after. Offering rather to die vppon the poynts of a thouſande Launces, then to yeeld a iote in conſtant loyaltie.

FINIS.

The ſpeech beeing ended, with great honour hee ran, and valiantly brake all the twelue ſtaues. And after the finiſhing of the ſports: both the rich Bay-tree, and the beautifull Tent, were by the ſtanders by, torne and rent in more peeces then can be numbred.